

Date: 20 September 1981

Tape presented to the Regional History Room by Geraldine Powell

Howard Powell (HP): This is Howard Powell, we're at Dean Powell's residence. Present is Dean Powell, Mavis Powell, and my wife, Gerrie Powell. We are going to ask Dad to give us some of the highlights of his life which encompasses a great segment of our history from the time of the stagecoach to the flight to the moon.

Dad, I know we've talked before about your history and we have some of it recorded, but we don't have a tape of it and I thought perhaps that we could probe your memory a little bit and go back to some of things you've told us before. I'm interested in the early days when you were a boy, conditions as they were then, where you lived and some of the highlights of the things you remember. I remember you telling us that when you were a small boy, you can remember being in Idaho with your Father. What's the earliest part of your life that you recall?

Dean Powell (Dean): Well, I recall some time before that time that I was in Idaho. I remember I was probably only about two years old, but I remember my Father very faintly. I remember what he looked like to a certain degree, and his height and some of the events that took place in our family while we lived in Desert Lake.

HP: That's Desert Lake, Utah, isn't it?

Dean: That's Desert Lake, Utah. This is where I was born. I was born there and lived there until I was somewhere around three years old and my folks moved to Idaho. The place that my father ended up was called, Emmett, Idaho. I remember that he and my uncle, Hans Marsing, formed some kind of a construction company and this was to build roads, dams, lakes, canals and such things as that. I remember that my Dad had a lot of equipment, which was horse-drawn equipment, and as I remember, there was at least one train car load of it for the machinery and equipment, and then there were several big teams that my father owned, and others that my uncle, Hans Marsing, owned, which must have filled another car—railroad car we're talking about.

I remember going on the train. Of course, we were on the passenger coaches and I remember that they stopped in Salt Lake City. I remember it was about the time that the Brigham Young Monument was to be unveiled. I don't remember about this particular incident, but I heard my mother talking about it and how she and my father and my Uncle Hans Marsing and his wife, Aunt Lucy, were going to the unveiling of the Brigham Young Monument in Salt Lake City, and where this statue that's there in Salt Lake City was unveiled.

Then, on our trek to Idaho, I remember especially one incident when everything was unloaded from the railroad cars and the equipment was loaded onto wagons, and quite a long train of wagons it took to haul this equipment on up to this place that was called Emmett, Idaho. We came to the Snake River and it was a place where there was a ferry across the Snake River and the men had to unload a lot of the equipment off the wagons because there could only be so much weight go across at a time, and they only would allow one team and so much equipment to be loaded to be taken across.

Now I said, "the ferry." I was mistaken there, because it wasn't a ferry, it was a toll bridge. The toll bridge was from one bank of the Snake to the other. The reason for that was that the banks of the Snake River seemed to me to be only about two or three hundred feet deep. The banks were perpendicular on each side, but this toll bridge was there and it was, as I can remember it, large cables with slats bolted onto them and cables for sides with more slats onto them. I can remember that when the teams would pull on there with loaded wagons, the bridge would sway back and forth and there was quite a lot of excitement; quite a lot of yelling and trying to get the horses to go as they should across this bridge because they were frightened. I remember being there all day long till way into the night before they got all their horses and their equipment and everything in the wagons across this bridge. Then they camped on the opposite side the rest of the night and went up into Emmett, Idaho, which took another two or three days.

I remember when we got to the place where the canal was to be built. The sagebrush seemed so tall to me, because I was a small boy. They seemed like trees because I could walk in the brush. 'Course I was a small boy, but I could walk in the brush and I couldn't be seen. I would have to look straight up to see the top of the brush. There were lots of rattlesnakes and those kind of things in those days. There wasn't any cleared ground that I can remember, just a country with hardly any improvement.

I remember the big canal they were working on. It seemed to me like it was 100 or 150 feet or 200 feet across, and it was somewhere around forty or fifty feet deep. They had such equipment as fresnos, slip-scrapers, tongue-scrapers, wheel-scrapers, which were a big scrapers that were mounted on two wheels, that could be loaded from a leader with three horses pulling it. That was the one that interested me mostly: those wheel-scrapers going down in there and getting that load and pulling up that steep bank. I remember the dust being so bad that the horses would fall and smother and the men, when the horse would fall, would all run and hold the horses' heads up while they scraped the dirt out of their mouths and noses so they could breath.

I remember after being there for quite a long time that they had a big boarding tent to feed the men that worked for the company, and my mother, my Aunt Lucy, and some other women they evidently were hiring, did the cooking and running of this big boarding tent. All the men that worked there wore what they called goggles because there was so much dust. There would be big fires built and tubs of water boiled and the men, when they quit work, would go and wash in these big tubs; wash off all this dirt, and then they'd lay these goggles all along the side of the tent. I remember going and picking up those goggles with a cousin of mine and having a great time with them.

As time went on, my father became ill, and things started happening so that things weren't going so well with us there. He finally called his family in. Mother called us children all in. I remember seeing him lying there on the bed. I remember he talked to all of the others about different things. I was just a small boy, somewhere around four years old, I suppose, at that time. When he got through talking to the rest of them, I remember him calling me over to his side, telling me that he was going away, and that I would have to be the man of the house. He told me to always take care of my mother and be good to her, and I remember that he died. I just kept sitting there by his side on a box and my mother would come and get me and take me out and in a little while, I guess, she'd find me back there.

This all seemed so strange to me. I couldn't hardly put it all in perspective. I couldn't understand. I didn't understand this and I had quite a time adjusting. But time went on and my mother moved back to Desert Lake. She was just there one year. She said that my father told her

to file on a homestead on the Indian reservation and to go with her uncle, Tom Rhoades, out there and file on the homestead, which she did the following year. I remember that she had two wagons and two teams and we went to what was called Ft. Duchesne. This is the place where the soldiers were stationed on the Indian reservation to control the Indians, and she washed for the officers there. She did their laundry; and this is where she met John Pilling, a man that she had known before. He was around there quite considerable.

Then I remember that she went to Duchesne where the filing on the homesteads were being drawn. These homesteads were drawn by number and she drew what was called a relinquishment, which was a homestead that someone else filed on, but didn't want after they had filed on it. It seemed to me to be a place where Uncle Tom had told my mother that she should file on this relinquishment, this homestead, which consisted of 160 acres and so she did. Uncle Tom [Rhoades] didn't file because he had used his filing rights, so he had his son, William, file on a homestead in the valley just above. There were fifty homesteads there. His homestead was in the heart of the valley, the upper valley, and my mother's homestead was in the heart of the lower valley, five miles apart.

There's where I gained quite a lot of experience in the wild county that we lived in. There were no fences, there were no farms being farmed. There wasn't anything but sagebrush in the country, just as it was created in the beginning. With hard work, my step-father and my older brother, Albert, and myself (for what I could do to help) cleared the brush and built a cabin. It was a country that was so far away from any settlements or anything and hard to get provisions.

My step-father, who had married my mother, who was John Pilling, the man that she met at Ft. Duchesne, moved us back to Desert Lake for that next winter. There I went to my first school. It was in Desert Lake. The next spring we came back out to the Indian Reservation and went back up to the farm. We cleared quite a lot of ground and built another cabin, and that settlement began to grow, and other people began to come. That first summer, however, my mother was the only white woman on the Duchesne River. The next year there was three or four women as I remember.

There was a settlement that started to fastly grow that was called Stockmore. It was about ten miles above our ranch and this was a place where some of the men had moved in and salted the places that they had dug out of the mountain. They put little gold particles in there and other things that they called salting and caused a big boom to take place. This place flourished for quite some time. I remember there was two saloons, two or three stores, and a lot of people that moved in on this town site, and the Indians began to flock around and come in. It was illegal for the Indians to have whiskey, but there was bootleggers that bootlegged to them, and they became hostile and drunk and caused a lot of trouble for the white people and the white settlers.

These people that salted these mines, they stayed there for about two years and finally they sold out to some people who thought that the mines were genuine. Shortly after they had pulled out and gone, the people that had bought the mines found out that there wasn't anything to it, but they'd just been bilked and then the town started to fall apart and the people that lived there moved away. At this time there isn't anything there at all. You could never tell there was anything left there. What buildings were left there burned down, and now brush has grown up in the place to where you would never know there was anything in there.

I remember that my first schooling in that area there was a one-room schoolhouse.

HP: Was that at Hanna or Tabiona?

Dean: That was at--well it was really Farm Creek. It was there close to our ranch. It was just between Hanna and Tabiona. The settlers built a one-room schoolhouse. They had one teacher that would teach all the grades, and he was a young son of one of the settlers that had come in that had credentials enough to be able to teach, and it was a quite an experience that we had there. We had eight grades in one room, and they'd go off into different corners and different places to try to hold the classes and, of course, there was only two or three in each class. I remember that the teacher seemed to do real well in holding discipline and learning the children to read and write. Arithmetic and what they called language at that time was the main subjects in school. Geography was entered in there, and they had what they called hygiene. So it was quite an enjoyable time for the children of that area to be able to go to school and get some learning that was badly needed.

As time went on, there was a fellow that came to stay at our place. My mother and my step-father had temporarily moved away. My brother and I were staying at the ranch, and an Irishman came along and wanted to stay this winter with us, so we let him stay. He had a violin, and we formed an orchestra. We got a set of drums and I traded for a mandolin that one of the families had there, and I remember that this Irishman was quite a musician. He taught us how to play and sing and we formed this orchestra and played for the dances which we had every week. We had a very enjoyable time. There was another orchestra that was formed and it was down at Tabiona and we liked to go down there also.

I remember that after we started going down to the larger place to dance, the farmers came from quite a scope of country and they would bring their babies and put them behind the benches in the places where they could stay off the middle of the floor, and they'd go to sleep, and the mothers and fathers would dance. Everybody had a good time and all the young folks, too. It was quite a time for all the young people at that time, and the only entertainment that they had. They didn't have any phonographs or records playing or radio or television and anything of that nature, so they had to make their own entertainment.

Now my step-father got the first mail contract up to Duchesne, up to Hanna, and back to Duchesne, which was twice a week. This was with horses. I remember that after I became about thirteen years old that I drove some on this mail route for him. I moved away, or went away to work, and did what I could on my own, and I came to Duchesne. At that time, work was quite hard to get, but I remember working on the road up the Indian Canyon and which was just a trail at that time. Then I remember that one of the fellows that had the mail contract was Al Murdock. He was one of the early settlers of Duchesne. He had turned his contract over to another man to manage, and he wanted me to drive for him.

This was at the time that they were just changing over from the stagecoach to trucks or automobiles. This was a time that was quite exciting, when the stagecoach came from Colton into Duchesne. It was a four-horse team on one of the old-time stagecoaches that had leather slings on them for springs. They are what you see now quite often in the television shows, on the western television shows.

At the time that they were changing from the stagecoach, I remember that there were a time or two when I assisted the main drivers in going over the mountain, which was Indian Canyon, which is a steep summit, some 11,000 feet or something of that nature. The winters

would pile the snow up and there was no snow removal. It was quite a difficult time to get over there, but they would use what they called the bobsleds. They would have four horses on them.

Now, it was quite an experience a-driving four horses over the mountain. One of my particular friends was a man somewhat older than me, about ten years older than me, which was one of the main drivers. I assisted him quite a few times in driving over this mountain with bobsleds, which I did on my own several times. It was quite a thing to go down that mountain from the other side at a fast speed around those turns on the roads that they used to have. The road went mostly to the bottom of the canyon and a lot of time, right in the creek bottom where the water was, it would freeze into ice and it's a very treacherous road.

Then they put in the automobiles, and this was the time it was most exciting of all. I became one of the main drivers on the automobiles and they had moved the mail terminals from Colton to Helper, Utah, and that's where the mail was taken off from the train from Helper and was loaded onto the trucks for the contractors to bring them over to the Uinta Basin. It was the only mail in the Uinta Basin, the Indian Reservation, and this is where I gained a good deal of experience driving on the bad roads with the trucks that they had. Some of these trucks had hard-rubber tires that were chain driven, not like the trucks of today, and if it rained a little or became slick, they would slip very easily and it was very difficult to put chains on them and to keep chains on them and pull these loads over this mountain, but through perseverance, why, it was done and this was quite an experience in my life.

Later on, as the Uinta Basin began to spread out and get more populated, they let several contracts out of Duchesne. At one time I had all four contracts. I had bid on them: one from Duchesne to Hanna; one from Duchesne to Talmage, Mountain Home and Altonah; another one from Duchesne up the Strawberry River to Fruitland; and another one from Duchesne over Blue Bench and down over into Arcadia, then back around by Bridgeland and up to Duchesne. This one time, as I stated before, I had these four contracts and it kept me quite busy to keep drivers and people in line to do this on a schedule which was required by the Post Office Department.

Later, as times went on through my life, I discovered that I must not go along with this way all my life, so I had the opportunity of taking a correspondence course in criminology, fingerprinting and crime detection. I took this course from the University of Applied Science in Chicago, and I became a qualified fingerprint expert and criminologist. All of this time I was still running mail contracts and making my livelihood this way. When the sheriff of Duchesne County found that I was qualified to do this kind of work, he was forever calling on me to help him out. Whenever there was a tragedy that they needed identification of someone through fingerprints, he called on me. If there was any other kind of crime that was committed, I was called in to take latent prints off of whatever objects that might be involved in it, such as window glass and drinking glasses, windshields in automobiles, and surfaces on the side of the doors and dashes and anyplace where there was smooth surfaces that someone might have touched that a fingerprint could be developed. I became quite prominent in this work, working for the Sheriff's Department as a deputy sheriff at this early age.

There was quite a few instances in my life whereby that I was called upon to identify people. One of these was when a man was found in a ditch in a wash between Duchesne and Roosevelt. He had been buried there a few days before. He had been murdered and placed there. Of course, they didn't know who he was, and so I was called upon to come and see if I could help to identify this dead man. I remember that he was at the undertaker's parlor, the mortician's place that we had, that was established in Duchesne at that time. I went in and looked at him. He'd

been in this bank for sometime, and his hands were badly shriveled up and quite tightly shut in a fist-like position. I said to the sheriff, "I don't know how I'm going to take this man's fingerprints. It's going to be very difficult because of the fact that his hands are doubled up." "Well," he says, "we've got to have some kind of identification." So I said, "Well I'll see what I can do with the help of the mortician, of course."

I had learned how to smooth out the wrinkles in a fingerprint by having embalming fluid injected into the veins of the fingers. I instructed the mortician to do this for me, and he said, he'd try. He'd never seen anything like that happen before, but he'd try it, so he did and it filled the fingers out. But still his fist was doubled up. We couldn't open it, only just partially. So I decided that I would take the fingerprint cards and I would cut them, (there is a place for each finger on these fingerprint cards, one for the thumb and one for the other four fingers). So I took and cut little squares out of the fingerprint cards. I couldn't use my large inking pad, so I took a small piece of heavy, smooth glass and inked it until about the right texture and put that on each finger in its turn. I then took these little squares and took the fingerprints and pasted each with glue in the proper place on another card, and in doing this with all the fingers, I came up with almost perfect fingerprints of this person. I filed them with the Utah Bureau of Identification in Salt Lake City.

Sometime later, after this was all over, they called me in and wanted to know how in the world that I ever came up with an idea of that kind, and I said, "Well, something had to be done. I had to get fingerprints some way. This man had to be identified if it was possible." They said, "How did you do that?" So, I explained to them how I did it and so they commended me. The head of the bureau was a man named Wooten, and he says, "This is something that's very unusual that may help us out in the future."

At a later date he called me back in again and says, "You know that plan that you devised in taking those fingerprints? We've adopted it and we've put it to the test. We've had other people found dead, and it's worked out very successfully, so we're calling that the Powell Method of fingerprinting." Now whether that's just for the state of Utah, or wherever it went from there I don't know, but from that time forward I've taken many fingerprints of many different people—dead people and live people—and many of those prints are in this Utah Bureau of Identification.

Now, going back to this man, who was in this ditch bank, that was found dead, that was murdered. Through those fingerprints, they found out who he was. He was a Filipino, and they found his car license, which was registered in his name, and they traced that and found the car. They found out the car had been stolen, and who left the car at the place it was found. They traced it back until they finally apprehended the man who did the killing. He turned out to be a hitchhiker that had somehow or another linked up with this man and was riding through the country with him. We even found out where they had stopped to eat dinner in Heber, Utah, and at other places. So this was one means by which I helped to bring about justice. There were several other instances with people of this kind that I could tell you about.

Also during this time, I was chairman of the ration board during World War II for Duchesne County. I had many experiences there. I was a member of the Price Stabilization Board also. I have a citation from President Truman on the services that I rendered in this capacity. I'm very proud of the service that I rendered during that period while the war was going on, helping to do those things that were necessary to have sufficient for the people's needs of the county of Duchesne. Everything was rationed, from sugar to automobile tires, to automobiles, or anything that was an important thing to be rationed. It was impossible to get an automobile, a

new automobile, unless it was someone that was doing something that was very important for the government, and in that case, it was possible. All the applications had to be signed by me and, of course, there was a lot of people I didn't please. I tried to be fair in all of these dealings with all of the people and still, at the same time, do what was required of the United States Government.

I was also, as I stated, fire chief of Duchesne City for fifteen years. This was quite an experience. This was a volunteer fire department, but it seemed to be a period in my life that there was a lot of responsibility on the fire department at that time, inasmuch as there seemed to be a lot of fires, disruption of that nature. As time went on, it seemed like that I, during all this time, I had several contracts, mail contracts, and was still making my livelihood that way. I had to hire quite a number of men, and during that time I acquired the old homestead that was at Hanna and also two other ranches farther down the river in Utah. I raised cattle. At one time I had sheep, and I sold them out and went back into cattle again.

HP: How long did you drive the mail contract, the one to Hanna. I guess it was the longest one, wasn't it?

Dean: I had the mail contract to Hanna for fifty years, continually, without breaking it. I retired from that and...

HP: Then you had another career as Justice of the Peace, I believe, didn't you?

Dean: Yes, when I seventy-seven years old, after I had retired from the mail contract and had sold out my ranches and cattle. I ran for Justice of the Peace of Duchesne precinct and I was elected, which I served for four years, as Justice of the Peace for Duchesne County, and this was during the oil boom in Uinta Basin. It was the time when many people moved into the basin, many rough people and people that followed that type of career. It was quite devastating and not like it had been before. I had so many cases that it was hard to handle them, but it was an experience that I will never forget, one that was very rewarding to me, to be able to do this. At that time I handled all the cases, no matter what happened, from murders to misdemeanors. I held all of the preliminary hearings on these cases, cases that were to be bound over to the district court for final trial. There was no circuit judge at that time, so it fell on the Justice of the Peace. There are many things that I could tell you about my life, since I've been Justice of the Peace.

At the present time I've been called to serve in the LDS Temple in Provo with my wife, Mavis. We will serve a two-year assignment there. This is also an experience that is very gratifying.

HP: You also served in the Indian Mission, didn't you, earlier?

Dean: My wife, Mavis, and I served two years on the Uintah and Ouray Indian Mission. This was a mission for the LDS church, and it was also a very rewarding experience. I guess that's about it.

Start Tape 226

Date: September 1981

The interviewer isn't identified, but is possibly Dean Powell's son, Howard. He will identified here as Interviewer (I).

Dean: I was talking about, when we quit, where Mother located. Wasn't that what it was? It was about a mile and a half down from this place that was called The Strip, and quite a few other things. Part of them were tents and part of them were buildings made out of lumber. I don't know where they got their lumber, but I imagine from Uintah County, Ashley, it was called Ashley back in the early days instead of Vernal. So I was going to give you a little bit where Mother stayed, and other settlers. It was all Indians and tepees and everything else. It was just Indians and whatever Indians done. When these people camped, they only camped in one place to kind of protest each other. That is where my Mother stopped.

Now Fort Duchesne itself, as I remember it, was probably down about a mile to a mile and one-half from there. I never did measure the distance. It was down this swale-like place, kind of a little road went down through the brush into where the fort was. The fort was built with a south exposure. That was the front of the fort. This road went in front of the fort. The fort was built with two big gates that were sort of rock framed. They were wide enough, oh, they must have been maybe forty-feet wide, because when the soldiers would ride through, sometimes they would ride through maybe eight or ten abreast. That was the way into the fort.

You wanted to know what the buildings were made of. Most of them were made out of lumber, that was the astonishing part, because there was no sawmill or anything. This was just wild Indian country. So the lumber must have come from Ashley or Vernal, which in this paper of yours states was about thirty miles or something. I was thinking it was more like fifty.

Interviewer (I): Yes, I think it was fifty miles.

Dean: Of course, inside the fort the soldiers' barracks were on the west side. The captain's quarters were, I think, about two buildings up, and out in front of that they had a great big flagpole. The flag was raised at sunup and lowered at sundown with all the ceremonies that went with it. Down at the foot of this flagpole was a hitching post that the captain's horse was always tied to. The horse that I saw always seemed to be the same horse. He was big and black and slick as glass, a big rangey horse, and he did a lot of tromping around that flagpole. He was there at a moment's notice for the captain to go, at least that is what the men said he was there for. I saw the captain riding the horse several times. I used to go down there and peek around. I was just a kid and it was all interesting to me. They had a place in there where they gave orders to the soldiers, when they would gather in the morning, to go out into the field or wherever they were going. They would ride up to this place, I called it the parade ground. I don't know what it was.

I: I think that is what it was called.

Dean: They would come to attention all situated in a V shape, so they could all hear what the orders were for the day and know what they were supposed to do. Then they would take off riding out of the fort. It seems to me they went around to the west and up to the top, outside of the stockade. The orders were given again and they would split there--some would ride to the east, some to the north and some to the west, or wherever they were ordered to go, these garrisons would take off. They were pretty good-sized. They were all cavalry. Each garrison carried a great big flag along about middle-way of the group. I don't know why it wasn't at the

front.

Every morning at the time they raised the flag, they fired a cannon. This was a cannon that was in the mouth of one of the gates. They would fire the cannon and that ball would go over onto what they called, Ball Hill. It was about a mile, mile and a half away, maybe two miles. It would make a lot of noise and everything. I was questioning them and I said, "What are they firing at that over there all the time for?" The man told me that was to bring attention to the Indians so they would know we had power, and if they did something wrong, they were going to get that. He said they could understand that, but they couldn't understand anything else. So just at sundown, they would fire it again. That was really interesting to me. Now is there anything else you want to know about them?

I: Did you or your family ever have anything to do with the personnel in the fort itself? Did you know any of them personally?

Dean: Yes, my mother knew a lot of them personally, because she was a widow, and she did the laundry for the officers. There were some pretty snazzy officers there, too. They were dressed up sometimes like, I don't know what. About twice a month they would have an Officers' Ball, not the regular run of the soldiers. Now, I don't know whether that just included the captain and lieutenants or not. It might have included the sergeants—I don't know. But anyway, the officers were all the military that could go there. They would be dressed in their finest.

I: And your mother used to do the laundry for them?

Dean: She did all the laundry for them while we were there. She was very, very good at it. One time she got a little bit sick and was not able to do it one week. The next week, here came word up from the captain that she would have to do better or they would have to get somebody else. She explained to the fellow that brought up the word that she was sick and had to get somebody else to do it. He said, "Well, we don't want her doing it anymore. If she has to get anybody again don't get that woman." Mother said she would be able to take it over the next week, go on with it. They were so particular. They had these pleated shirts and all that kind of finery. They had red sashes. They had two or three kinds of uniforms. All the sashes had to be done and everything.

I: So she ironed those, too.

Dean: Oh, she did the whole thing so they were immaculate. She was a very special lady, my mother.

Woman (Mavis?): Tell him about the size of the irons. She had two or three different sizes of irons to do the uniforms and such.

Dean: Yes, she had the different sizes of irons. For some of those little pleats and things, she had to have small irons, some irons were larger and then, of course, the regular size. That was something other people did not have out around this area.

She was personally acquainted with and knew most of the names, probably all of the officers. But that was never passed on to me, so I don't know them.

I: Do you recall seeing a large touring car on the fort when you were growing up?

Dean: While we were there, there were no cars. Now, just a minute, later on there were, and I saw some of those cars. I was over there several times after that as I grew into a young man. I was acquainted with the fort after I got twenty, twenty-one years old. I acquired a lot of officer work. You see, I became an officer when I became a young man. I had business over there.

I: Were you in the Army?

Dean: No, I never did get in the Army. During World War I, I was 1-A and they just shipped me out when the Armistice was signed. I never even got to camp. They sent me back home. So I was in and I was out.

I: Well, for that war you were lucky. The reason I asked you about the car, just so you will know, is we ran onto some documents when we were back in Washington, D. C. They had that the captain had a car that he used to tour the Indian Reservation with.

Dean: Later on he did, and that captain's name was Captain Hall. I knew him just as well as I know my son, Richard, there. I had a picture of him and Al Murdock, but I can't find it. I was looking for it the other day. He was a stately man. He was an Englishman. He was a proud man. Later on in the years, along about 1909, he was all over this reservation. He came up one time to the place that is called Hanna, where we had a ranch. Of course, at that time we had established ditches and canals. There was a squabble between the Indians and the white people, and he came up for that. The reason that impressed me so was that we had an Italian that was a notorious bootlegger. I don't know whether you have ever heard of him or not, Frank Defa. He was one of Utah's most notorious bootleggers on the reservation. He sold lots of liquor to the Indians.

But anyway this Captain Hall went up to the head of this ditch in this automobile, and Frank Defa was up on the hill with his rifle and scope watching him. He didn't change any water or anything, but he looked it all over. Now, Frank was telling me this himself. He said, "If he had pulled that head gate I would have dropped him right there." That's the kind of a time we lived in, you see. I don't know if the Captain ever knew he was that close to death or not. But he was all over, so I saw his car. It didn't have a top on it.

I: We may run onto some pictures of that. Now, we haven't gone through all the archive of pictures, but we ran into documents about this car, but we couldn't find any information about the car, so I appreciate your first-hand account of it, because we were wondering about that.

Dean: Now there are some other things that happened. If there is anything else you want to know.

Woman: What kind of car was it?

Second woman: A Franklin touring car.

Dean: Yes, a Franklin touring car.

I: A Franklin touring car. They had nothing but trouble getting parts. They could never get parts for the thing to fix it. It was hard to get parts out here because it was so far from anything.

Dean: Those old Franklin's were air-cooled. I don't know whether that one was or not, but all that I ever saw were air-cooled. I had a little bit to do with a Franklin. I stretched my neck and bought one once. It was air-cooled. But I had a lot troubles with it. It got so it wouldn't hardly go, so I cut little wood chips and poked under the clutch, so that it would pull. I didn't know that captain's car was a Franklin. I do know it wasn't an old car, though.

I: No, no, it wasn't an old car. They had bought it new. Then they got it out here and there was no one to fix it and no parts for it.

Dean: And nobody knew anything about it.

I: Your mother obviously knew a lot of the officers. Did you ever hear any comments how the settlers and people around town got along with the people at the fort? I mean, was there much mixing with one another, like socially, or anything like that--that you were aware of?

Dean: No, there wasn't much socially at all.

I: That is what I thought.

Dean: In fact there weren't many citizens right around the fort. The country was all Indians and teepees and all that kind of stuff. What whites there were all congregated in one particular place, because some of these Indians were hostile. See, they claimed the white men stole their ground. They claimed they were given this place and chased out of Salt Lake and all those surrounding counties, down in Utah County, and all down through the south and all put in here on this reservation. So a lot of them were really hostile years back, even in the twenties they were hostile. We had people come to the ranch up there--we had a big ranch--and claimed they owned this and they owned that and it was their ground and everything, especially when they would get drunk. I had a lot of incidents like that.

My mother married a man when she was there in that settlement. He was a man that had come down from Alaska, from the gold mines, and he had quite a lot of money. He lost it all on a horse race right there. I could tell you about that horse race.

I: Go ahead.

Dean: That horse was a big, bay bald-faced, with white legs, and he was crazy. But he was a fast horse. I guess. So they spent a whole week with the settlers there, clearing off this place to have this race. There was a lot of brush, you know, down through there for a mile or so, I don't know how far. When they got ready to have the race, this fellow, John Pilling, that married my mother, he bet this enormous sum to this man, Flanders, who owned the other horse. He had drifted in from some other place and wasn't well-known around there, but he had this little old mare with an old ragged blanket on her. But, anyway, everybody went crazy over this horse race and

everybody bet and stuff.

But when they went to run the horse race, I can remember there was one man on one side of the horse's bit and another on the other horse's bit, and that horse would pick them both up of the ground with his head. He would just hold them there at the starting place. Then they shot this gun to go, and that horse went and he didn't go down the track. He went right out through the sagebrush, and I can see him going yet. Of course, the little mare just went on down through the track. They said she won the race. There were fights and everything else going on there. They were really going crazy. But the decision was the mare won the race. The horse didn't go the right way.

Woman: Let's go back to when his mother was doing the laundry. How long did you live there at that place next to the fort?

Dean: It was early spring when we got there, somewhere around May or June. We lived there until about the same time in 1905. No, we lived there longer than that. We got there in 1904 and in 1905 she filed on this homestead up here where they filed.

I: In Duchesne?

Dean: She came to Duchesne and filed on this homestead up the Duchesne River, and then the next spring, let's see, no, after she filed on it, during the summer we moved up there from the fort. So that was the period of time we had at the fort. So it was about a year and three or four months.

Woman: We noticed there was a Chinese launderer there at the fort. Do you know anything about that guy?

Dean: A Chinese launderer?

Woman: Yes. What was his name? Sing?

Dean: Gallagher?

I: No it was...

Dean: Wong Sing.

I: Yes it was Wong Sing, I think.

Dean: He came there about the time that we left. There was another one there by the name of Gallagher. I don't know how he got a name like that. But I remembered him because of this step-father of mine. After he married my mother, he had to get a team of some kind, and so he got a little, old spotted mare that weighed about a thousand pounds. Then he bought a great big bay horse that weighed about twice that much and four times as tall. He was what they call "fourteen hands high." They were a hard-looking team. He went down there to buy a harness. The

Chinaman said yes, he had a harness. He ran a kind of little store, too. So he gets an axe and goes out to get the harness. I thought, "What is he going to do with that axe?" He broke the top of a whiskey barrel. Pretty soon he drew out the harness, the tug, and the collar, and the whole thing. It was all new. I thought that was funny how he got the harness out of that barrel. I guess that is the way it was packed, I don't know.

Woman: Did you ever go to any of the doctors or the hospital on the fort for any treatment?

Dean: No, they had a doctor there but he was pretty much for just the Post. We called it the Post. We called the fort the Post. But they had a doctor there. They might have had two, I don't know. They could have had, but we never had any experience with a doctor. There is one other little story I might add to that about this Bottle Hollow deal.

I: Oh, yes, good.

Dean: This Bottle Hollow deal—they've got a settlement there that disturbs me very much. It's on the west side of the fort, before you get to the fort. They call it Bottle Hollow. They built a lake in there. That isn't the old Bottle Hollow. Bottle Hollow was over by this place they called The Strip with the fort on the east side. There was a trail leading down to the fort. Off to the side of this trail was a swale where the soldiers threw their bottles. Liquor was not allowed on the fort. The soldiers had to get rid of the bottles before they got down into the fort or they'd get caught with it, they'd be court-martialed. So between the time they left there for that mile, or three miles, they'd drink what liquor they took with them and they'd get higher and you could hear them yelling, a bunch of Indians couldn't get anywhere near their steam, and then they'd throw these bottles down, and there was just lots and lots of bottles. They were fancy bottles, they looked like they were cut glass. They were not just plain glass. They'd throw them away and this saloon keeper would pay so much for these bottles.

I, being a kid, and anxious to do something to make me a little money, used to take a gunny sack and fill it as full as I could and then drag it up to the back of this saloon. The saloon keeper's name was Tom Nickell. He was the owner of the saloon and bartender and all. I did that for a long while. One day when I was there at the back, he saw me and came out and counted the bottles and paid me. I had an uncle by the name of Mart Marsing, who lived in the same settlement where we lived, who was in the saloon that day. He saw me at the back door and he said, "Hey, Tom, let him in, let him come in," and the saloon keeper said, "All right, come on in." So I went in and I walked straight back to my Uncle Mart, and Uncle Mart set me up on the bar.

Now this was a fancy bar for a place like that. I remember the great big glass that covered the whole side of the wall and the fancy whiskey bottles and all that. This bar was all shined up and slick as glass and polished. He sat me up on this bar and my uncle says, "Give him a drink." Of course, they were all lined up there along the bar drinking. So he fished around and pretty soon he came out with a drink in a bottle and gave it to me. I'd never tasted anything like that before. I was drinking on this bottle and finally I drank it all. I thought I was drinking the same thing the rest of them were drinking, but later I found out it was sarsaparilla and my feathers dropped. Anyway that was some experience.

Woman: How many saloons were there on the strip?

Dean: There was only one saloon at that particular time.

Woman: Were there other businesses?

Dean: Well there was a store and a few other buildings down along the Strip, just on one side of the road, not on the other side, just one side. That's why it was called the Strip. Later, that place was called Moffat, and maybe it referred to some of the things that you will find named Moffat, but it was first called the Strip, then Moffat. Then they changed the name to Gusher. Today it's called Gusher. I just thought you might run across the name sometime and get confused.

I: I'm glad you brought it up, 'cause I didn't know that.

Woman: Were you around there when they closed the fort or when the soldiers actually left?

Dean: You mean, when they closed, when the soldiers left? You see the fort is still there, and it still has its functions. There are Indian offices there, and it takes care of a lot of tribal businesses and stuff, but what was the question?

I: Well, she was wondering if you were there when the soldiers actually left in 1912?

Dean: Well, I wasn't right there, but I know when they left. I know there was quite a lot of talk about it. There wasn't so much talk up on this end, because we never did get any good out of the soldiers anyway. They were clear over in Uintah County, like I said. They were protecting those people over there that were clear off of the reservation, and here is where they should have had the protection. That's why there were all these fights and stuff going on, and Indians getting killed, and white men getting killed and everything, and no interference from any officers of any kind. There were no officers.

One time up there Willie Jack, he was a bad one when he got to drinking, and he went up to this little place called Tabiona, which was just getting started. He went by an old man's place, and he got this old man scared. He told the old man he was going to go down to his tepee, and get his gun, and come back and kill him. The old man, he just took him at his word.

There was a window in this cabin, at the old man's place. By the way, this man's name was Powell. Don't link me with him, but anyway, he was Powell. He stood there in the cabin, and when this Indian came up over a little ridge about three quarters of a mile away, the old man was standing there at this window and he shot him. He was a good shot and the Indian fell right in an ant bed, one of these red ant beds. Of course, the old man saw him fall and took off a different way. He was afraid because this is what causes Indian uprisings.

He headed for an old bootlegger's place that was up against the hill. He got there in the middle of the night. He met another bootlegger (not the Defa) by the name of Hy Jones, and told him what he'd done. There were no officers, there were no soldiers, no nothing, to keep peace. So Hy Jones hooked up his buggy, buckboard it was, and he had a wirey team. He took this fellow, old man Powell, to Heber and turned him over to the authorities there, more for protection than anything else. Anyway, the Indians did uprising when they found this Indian in this mess, in all these ants, and they found he'd been shot, so they had a pretty bad time right there.

They went after every white man that was around there.

Woman: What year was that do you remember?

Dean: That was pretty close around to 1909, somewhere's right around there.

Woman: Dad, you were telling earlier about how big the black soldiers were. Do you want to describe those again?

Dean: Well, they weren't any bigger than the white people. All those soldiers were large soldiers. I didn't see any short or squat people. They were pretty much uniform, most of the whites and the Negroes, but those Negroes were athletic type. I imagine they were good soldiers, but I never did see any distinction between them when they would go out. They seemed to me they were mixed, they were Negro and white. I'd heard it said by some people that they had them separated, but I don't think so, because I saw them day after day after day, and I never noticed them that way. I noticed that there were Negro soldiers and there were white soldiers.

I: Hmm, that interesting.

Dean: Where's Mavis? Get her over here a minute. Go get that album, just give them a little insight to what the garrisons look like.

Woman: Can I go back to the Strip just a minute?

Dean: Yes, sure.

Woman: Were there any homes there by the businesses or the saloon?

Dean: There were some kind of small buildings that could have been homes. There must have been people living in them, not very many, just a few.

Woman: Also, I was told there was a brothel, is that right? A brothel, prostitutes?

Dean: I was pretty young, but there were no questions about that.

I: Had you heard there was one there?

Dean: When I was there on the bar, they were in there then. There was one, oh, I better keep my mouth shut, I don't want that on tape.

I: That's interesting, though, because they had very little trouble with this sort of thing at the Post.

Dean: There was a lot of that and that led to a lot of other things, too.

I: Yes, I'm sure it does.

Woman: You gave the name of the owner of the saloon. What was the name of the owner of the store? Do you remember his name?

Dean: Yes, Tom Nickell. He owned the store and the saloon.

Woman: Okay, both. Were there any incidents at the saloon that you remember, exciting things that happened, any fights, anything like that?

Dean: I saw several fights. They started mostly in the saloon, but they'd get them out of there some way. They might have had a bouncer in there. I don't know. I didn't see them. I saw some of them come tumbling out of the saloon, and then there would be two of them that tumbled out. Then they would finish it on the outside. There were fights, regular old fights. They'd fight till they couldn't fight any longer. Lots of those.

Woman: Wild west stuff, huh? Did they ever shoot each other?

Dean: I used to watch those pretty much. You see, I was kind of an orphan and everybody kind of picked on me. In a place like that, I had to do my own fighting. I didn't have a father to protect me. I was not like other boys my age. They would pick on me and I had to fight my way out. So I enjoyed a good fight, and I had lots of fights. I was licked a lot of times and lots of times I wasn't, but there were fights over there. You just take a couple of old ranchers that come up against each other in a fist fight, then you'll see a fight. You don't see any of this other stuff, they would go after it in earnest.

I: They asked if you had ever seen any gun battles?

Woman: Any shoot-outs?

Dean: Not any like the wild westerns had. I didn't see any of those. I know of a lot of people that were killed, and this one was blamed and that one was blamed, but no one really knew who killed them. There was someone around who did it. There was a lot of those and people just come up dead.

I: Let's see your pictures.

Dean: Well this is just an old album. I'll put this out here in the bag. This is about Desert Lake in Emery County.

I: Oh, okay.

Dean: It just doesn't exist any longer.

I: That's getting to be the story of the day and age.

Man: Like Duchesne, it is disappearing.

Woman: Can you describe the saloon on the Strip?

Dean: Well, there was a front door that come in that side, right about there, just like you were taking these two rooms here, and the front door came in there and the back door was right here.

Woman: The front door was the south?

Dean: Where the door came in the back. Where the door came in the front, the bar came out about eight feet, I'd say, into the room and then it made a turn, just a beautiful turn, and the bar went straight back to the other wall with a gate next to the wall to go behind the bar.

Woman: So it started on the north side?

Dean: The bar was on the north side of the building, on the inside, of course, but it had all this wall and all back of it was all glass. It was a fancy bar. Anyway it was all polished.

I: Did it have any pictures on the wall?

Dean: Oh, yes there were some pictures, but I don't remember what the pictures were. I suppose there were just regular saloon pictures.

(Begin Tape 227)

Howard Powell (HP): Dad, I think that pretty well covers a lot of the highlights of your life. There are some things we could just kind of pick up at random. I recall you telling us about things earlier that might be interesting. You mentioned earlier that one of your recollections was when you were a small boy that you used to gather bottles around Bottle Hollow where the resort and the lake are. Do you have some thoughts on that, or you can recall some of them?

Dean: Yes, that was the time that we lived there just off of the Fort Duchesne where the soldiers were at. We didn't, of course, live on the fort, we lived out to the side, which was a place that was called Moffat at that time and I remember as a small boy going up to the saloon. A man by the name of Tom Nickell ran the saloon at that time and he would pay two cents for a bottle.

HP: That was quite a bit of money in those days, wasn't it?

Dean: Oh yes, that was a lot of money, inasmuch as we didn't have any money at all, and so he told me he would pay two cents for all the bottles I could bring him.

HP: These were whiskey bottles, were they?

Dean: There were whiskey bottles and wine bottles. As I remember there were so many different kinds of bottles, they were fancy bottles, they were bottles with a lot of cut sides in them. They were quite pretty. Some of them were real large bottles and some of them were small bottles, flasks, what they call flasks. I remember getting one of these burlap sacks, we called them gunny sacks then, and I'd go down this place where these bottles were thrown by the soldiers.

The soldiers could not have liquor in the fort and so when they'd get time off, they'd go up to this place they called Moffat and they'd go to the saloon and they'd get this liquor and drink it and as they went on their trail down to the fort, which went down to what was called Bottle Hollow, it was just a big swale that was in there that the trail went down through, and they'd be sure they drank all this liquor before they got down to Fort Duchesne, because if they were caught with liquor there then they would be court-martialed and so there were plenty of bottles.

This seemed to be, I can't recollect, but it seemed a couple of miles to me that I had to drag these bottles. Two miles, two miles and a half, something like that, but I'd fill this sack as full as I could drag it. I couldn't carry it then, I'd drag it. I'd just drag it a little ways at a time after I got what bottles I could pull. Then I'd rest, and I'd do this till I got up to the saloon. I'd go to his back door and there. I'd look in and when he'd see me looking in the back door, why, he'd come out and count my bottles and pay me. I did this day after day, and I accumulated quite a lot of pennies, which I thought was quite a lot of money at that time. Of course, I could buy candy and other things with it there at the store and this was one of the things that was very important to us in our lives at that time.

Now, where the Bottle Hollow resort is, a lot of people think it's called Bottle Hollow, but that isn't really Bottle Hollow. Bottle Hollow is over two or three miles east of there and goes down from the place that's called Gusher at this time.

HP: They used to call it the Strip.

Dean: They used to call it the Strip. That was the time they had the saloons there and the stores, and the soldiers used to go over there. That was the Strip, and so the Bottle Hollow is from that place that's called Gusher now. The path ran kitty-cornered from the Strip, to the east side of the fort. There were a lot of bottles there, but they have been gathered up by people seeking souvenirs, and they have been hauled off by the truckload. I haven't been there for years, but I doubt whether you could even find a bottle down in there now or not. That's about all there is to that experience.

HP: You told us one time about your first experience when you went into the bar.

Dean: Oh, yes, my Uncle Mart Marsing, another one of my other uncles that lived there by the fort, where my Mother, at this time, was washing for the officers of Fort Duchesne. This uncle Mart was not the one that went to Idaho with my father. His name was Hans Marsing. They both married my father's sisters. One day my Uncle Mart saw me at the back door of the saloon. He said, "Hey, let him in" and so the bartender, Mr. Nickell, let me in. I went up to him and I remember there was quite a lot of loud talk in there that day and there was a lot of girls and people having a big loud time. He set me up on the corner of the bar and he said to the bartender, "Get him a drink." I thought I was one of the group. My eyes, I guess, got quite large. The bartender got me out a bottle and I proceeded to drink out of it. Of course, at the time, I'd never tasted anything quite like that, but then later on I found out it was sarsaparilla. Of course, that was one of the main soft drinks of that day. But at the time he put me up on the bar, I thought I was having regular old hard liquor along with the rest of the group.

HP: Do you still remember when you came into the Fort Duchesne area? When you moved, you came by wagon through Nine Mile by buggy or...?

Dean: I came from Desert Lake up to Price and then down to Wellington and then through Nine Mile and into Myton. That was the only road into the Uinta Basin at that time from that part of the country, in fact, from any part of the country, was through Nine Mile into Duchesne. There was a stopping place, as I remember, that was called the Wells. It took us several days to go from Desert Lake to Fort Duchesne. Oh, we must have been a week or better camping on those trips. I remember riding with one of the wagons, which my Uncle Jess Hadden drove, and I'd say, "How far is it before we get to where we can camp?" and he'd say, "Just over the next ridge." Then when we'd get over the next ridge, I'd say, "Well, now we're over that ridge, how much further?" and he would say, "Well, just over the next one." That went on till about dark before we would make camp.

HP: That's very interesting. It is kind of hard to realize, this day and age, how long it took to go anywhere and do anything as it did. Then also you were a young man during the Depression years, in the 1930s. During the stock market crash and the terrible Depression. Did that have any affect on your life, or do you remember the circumstances that existed then in this area?

Dean: Yes, I can remember quite a lot of circumstances that existed in this area at that time, however, it didn't affect me as bad as it did others. I knew it was affecting a lot of other people because this was the period of time that I had all these mail contracts, and I had money. We had money and hardly anyone else had any money. In fact, it was said at that time that I had all the money there was in the Indian Reservation. A dollar was very hard to come by at that time.

This was a time when the banks went broke also. The Bank of Duchesne went broke, the Myton State Bank went broke, the Roosevelt Bank went bankrupt. All the banks around, the banks in Vernal and other places. I don't remember the particular banks in Vernal, but I know there were some that went bankrupt. I remember the money in the Bank of Duchesne, and as I was on the contract of my mail run up at Bonita, I heard some men talking and they said, "When the bank closes in Duchesne today it's not going to open again." I heard that. I don't know where

they got their information or anything, but I made haste at that particular time. I had a good car, but the road was very rough. It was a dirt road, and I made a record run because I knew that's where I had my money, and knew that if I lost that, that I'd be in the same boat that all the rest the people around there were in.

I just pulled right up in front of the bank, I remember, and I just jumped out, left the door open on the car and bounced into the bank just before twelve o'clock. I took out my checkbook, wrote out the balance I had in the bank and there happened to be a girl that was in there. I wasn't married at the time I wrote out a check and I said, "I want this money." She looked at me, she said, "I don't know if I can come up with that much or not." I said, "Well, you'll have to. I don't want no script, don't want anything." But she did she pay me and I walked out of there. They closed the doors behind me and they were never opened again.

HP: You said this was before you were married, was this in the thirties, or before the big Depression of the thirties that these banks went broke?

Dean: This was before the thirties, yes.

HP: During the thirties, during the Depression, you had some cattle, didn't you? Didn't the government buy the cattle because there was no market for them or anything and pay \$25 or \$30 a head for them and you had to cut their ears off?

Dean: Well, you got the price boosted up on all the cattle because at that particular time there was a big drought on, real severe drought. It hadn't rained or stormed in the wintertime or rained in the summer for two years and there was no feed on the ranges.

I had quite a herd of cattle and the government put out a program whereby that it would pay. I can't remember just the exact price, but it was somewheres around about \$10 for a pair of ears and this could be a calf, or cow, or a large critter. It didn't make any difference. If you could produce the ears, the government would pay you \$10 for each pair of ears. So I brought quite a large herd of cattle in and I remember trailing the first bunch, it was what was known as the Shank's Ranch and there was a large corral there. The corral was full and they came and killed all of these cattle and I took the ears.

HP: They just buried them, didn't they?

Dean: They hauled them off from that place. Some places they didn't, but they hauled them off from there. Now, I don't know what they really did with the carcasses because I remember there at the corral there were people from the mines, over around Castle Gate and Helper. There was just truck after truck standing there. I think they were going to follow these cattle that the government had bought and take the carcasses and I think they were going to probably try to save some of them because there were just lots of these Greeks and people that worked in the mines that were hungry.

HP: Desperate times, wasn't it?

Dean: After that, that was in the thirties, they had another drought, when the government did the

same thing. Only at this time I took the cattle into the upper ranch up at Hanna and we slaughtered right there. We didn't load them in trucks, I had a man shoot them and I had a man cut the ears off and at that time there was also a lot of people there that wanted meat and stuff and they just took the hides and the carcasses and whatever they wanted of it. Then a big trench was dug up and the rest of it, and they scraped this into a big pit and covered it over with dirt.

HP: Can you think of anything else that you might like to add? That covers a long period of time. Are there any other highlights that you can think of?

Dean: Well, there probably are some other highlights, but at the present time, I don't recall any. I don't recall anymore at this time.

HP: Well, that's very interesting Dad. I can remember a lot of these things when I was a small child, the things that you've mentioned and told us about.

Dean: During this time that I mentioned, I was chief of the Fire Department. I was also a Red Cross First Aid instructor for Duchesne County. I had many experiences in that field. This was when they started having these first aid stations, Red Cross First Aid Stations. They called them Highway First Aid Stations and this was the time that there began to be quite a lot of traffic. There were lots of accidents.

I had many experiences. We had a first aid station I had in connection with the fire department and I had many experiences with people in accidents. Also, during that particular time we didn't have a doctor in Duchesne and the people more or less depended on me for help whenever they had sickness or accidents, inasmuch as I had quite a considerable experience in first aid, they would call on me.

There was one time in Duchesne when I'd been in practically every home in Duchesne City to help them out with their sickness in one form or another.

HP: Well that's very interesting. I can't recall anything else to ask at this time, so, at least for the present, this will conclude this tape on this Sunday, September 20, 1981, at the Dean Powell residence of Duchesne, Utah.